

POLICE

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COMICS

AUGUST No. 57

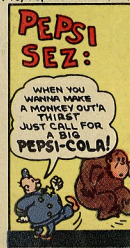
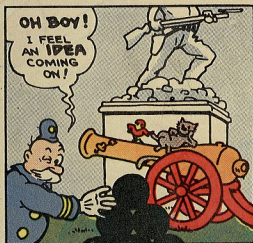
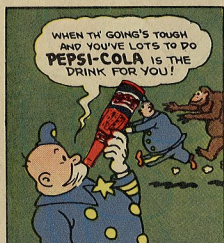
**PLASTIC
MAN**
meets
Mr. MISFIT!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI" ... THE PEPSI-COLA CO.



Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

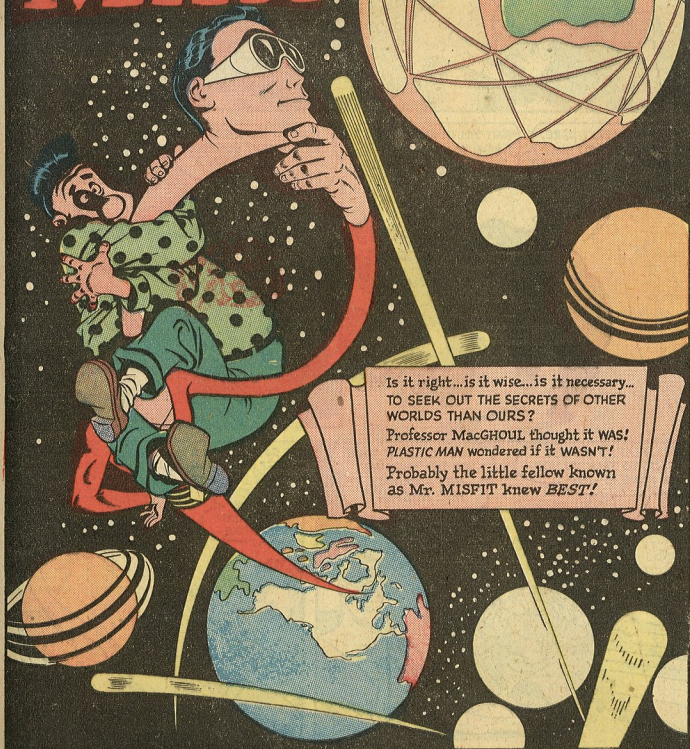
PLASTIC MAN

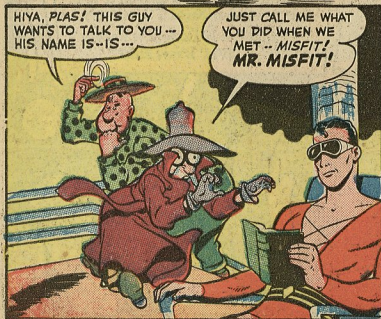
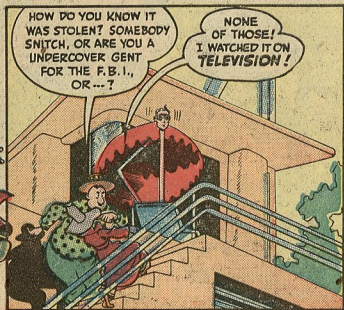
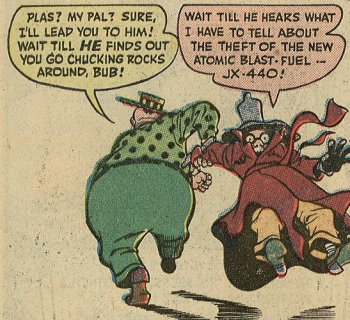
MARS
KEEP AWAY!

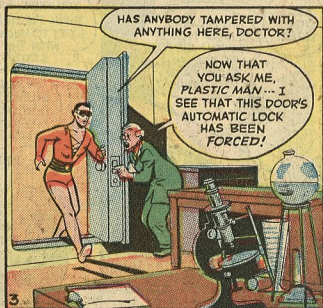
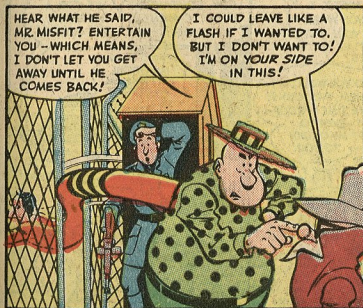
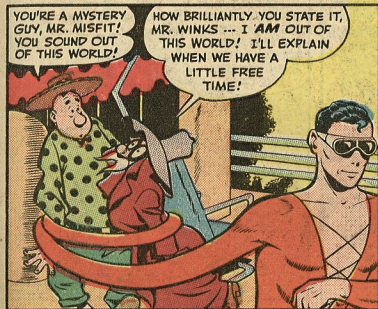
Is it right...is it wise...is it necessary...
TO SEEK OUT THE SECRETS OF OTHER
WORLDS THAN OURS?

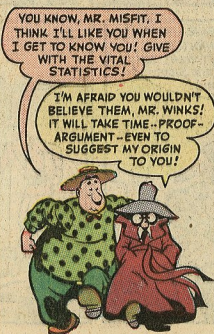
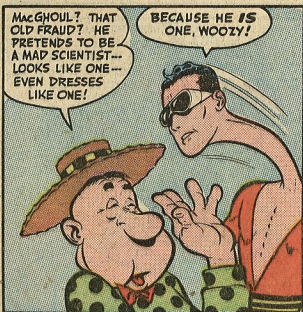
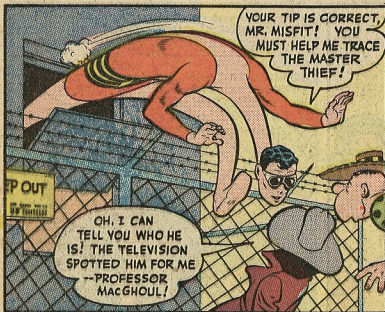
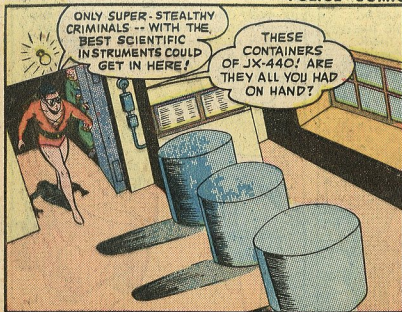
Professor MacGHOUL thought it WAS!
PLASTIC MAN wondered if it WASNT!

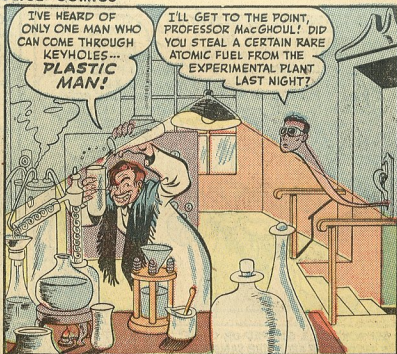
Probably the little fellow known
as Mr. MISFIT knew BEST!











When the witnesses arrive...

YEAH, THE PROFESSOR WAS WITH US ALL EVENING AND WE STAYED AT HIS PLACE FOR BREAKFAST! WE LEFT ONLY A MINUTE BEFORE HE WAS BROUGHT HERE!

YOU'RE STRANGE CHARACTERS FOR HIM TO HAVE AS FRIENDS, BUT YOUR STATEMENTS SEEM CORRECT! I'LL RELEASE THE PROFESSOR AT ONCE!

YOU COULD HAVE
SAVED YOUR TRIP
HERE BY EXPLAINING
TO PLASTIC
MAN!

BAH! I COULD SUE YOU
FOR FALSE ARREST--
BUT I HAVEN'T TIME
OR THE INCLINATION!
GOODBYE,
FERRET!

**I'M SORRY IF I SLIPPED UP, CHIEF!
I GOT MY TIP FROM THE SAME MAN
WHO KNEW THE JX-440 WAS STOLEN
BEFORE THE PLANT KNEW IT!**

BETTER NOT ARREST
ANYBODY ELSE UNTIL YOU
HAVE COMPLETE
EVIDENCE!

BUT I'M CERTAIN
THAT PROFESSOR
MACGHOUL STOLE
THE MATERIAL,
PLASTIC MAN!

NO GOOD, MR. MISFIT! HE BROUGHT IN TWO ALIBI WITNESSES -- SQUEAKER AND SNAPS! I, MYSELF, SAW THEM AT HIS LABORATORY!

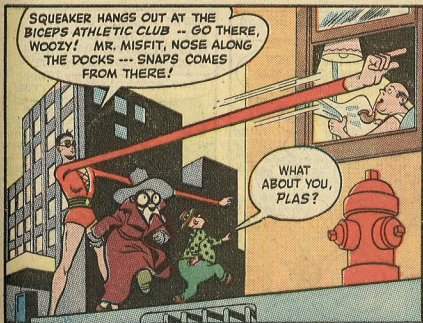
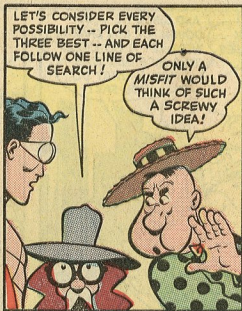
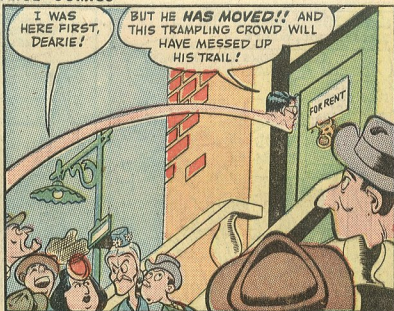
THREE OF THEM
ALL TOGETHER—MACGHOUL,
SQUEAKER AND SNAPS! AND
THERE WERE **THREE**
THIEVES AT THE
ATOMIC PLANT!

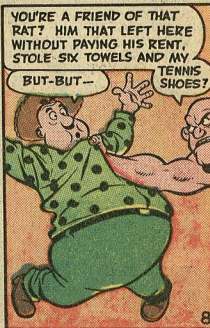
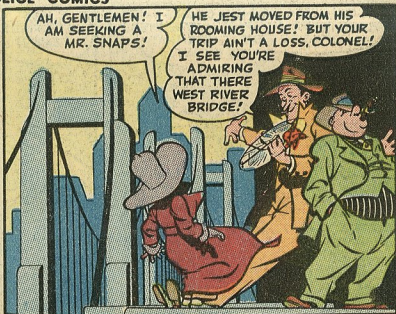
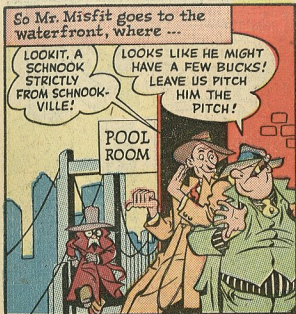


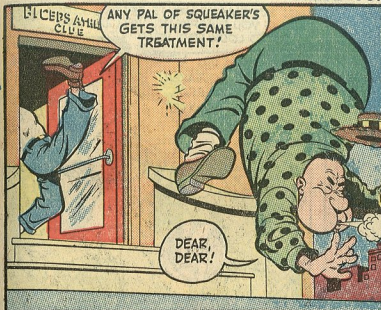
PERHAPS THEY WERE SIMPLY
GIVING ONE ANOTHER AN ALIBI
--COOKED UP BEFOREHAND!
COME ON, BACK TO
MACGHOUL'S!

WHAT GOES ON,
NEIGHBOR? RIOT?
EXPLOSION?

HUH? MORE
SENSATIONAL
THAN THAT!

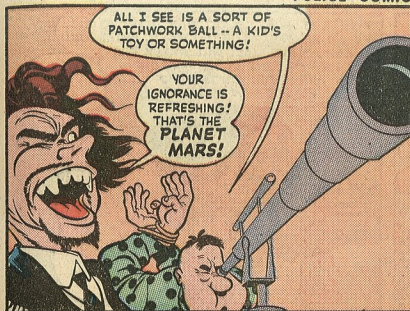




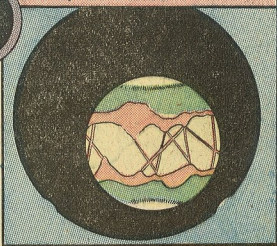


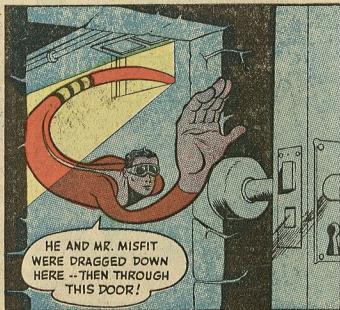
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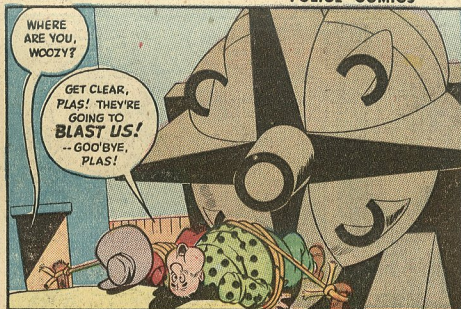


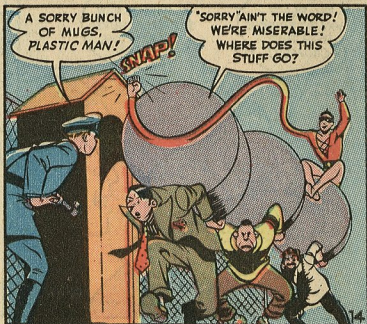


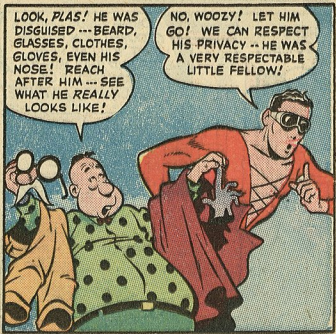
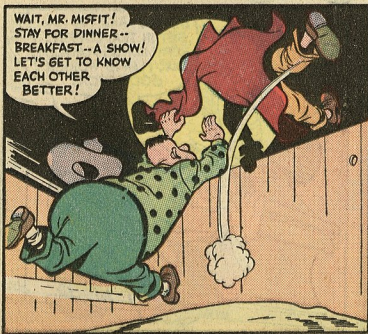
"It's a new world to conquer! Vast deserts full of precious metal - green fields of rich vegetable products -- and **OURS, ALL OURS!**"











FLATFOOT BURNS

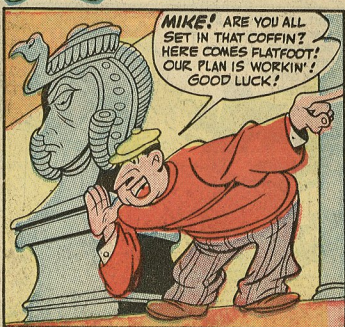
STAR
DETECTIVE

by AL STAHL

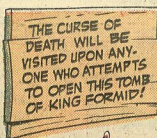


MORE STOLEN DOUGH, CHIEF! NOW I'M SURE THAT THE BANK THIEVES ARE PURPOSELY LEADING ME TO THE MUSEUM!

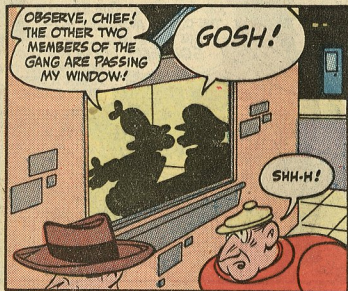
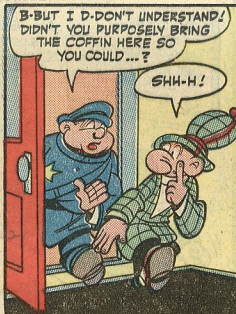
OBVIOUSLY, FLATFOOT! NO ONE ELSE WOULD SCATTER SO MUCH DOUGH AROUND THIS WAY! BUT WHY?

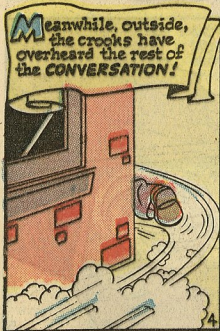


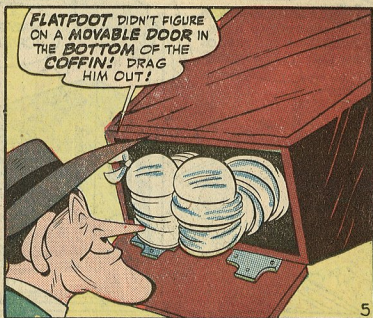
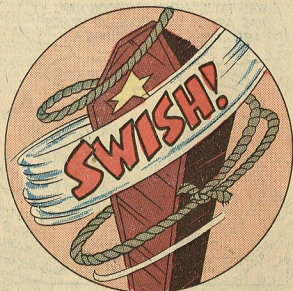
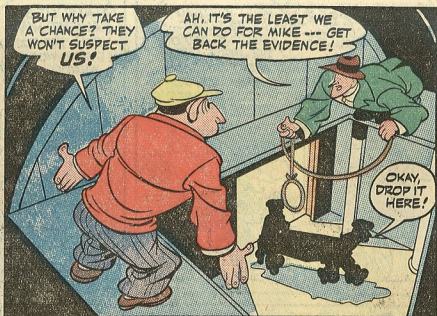
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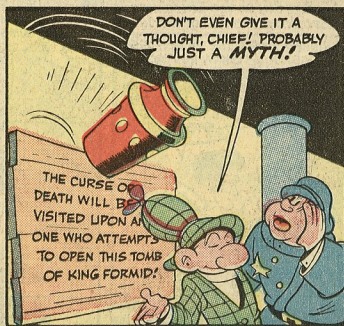
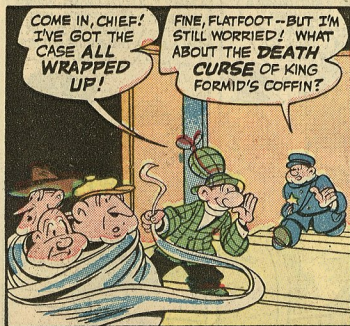
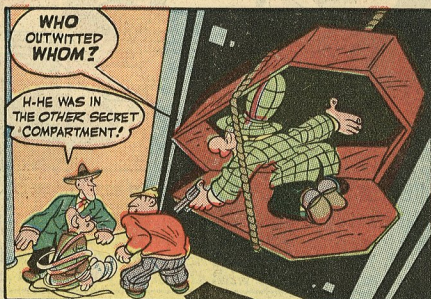
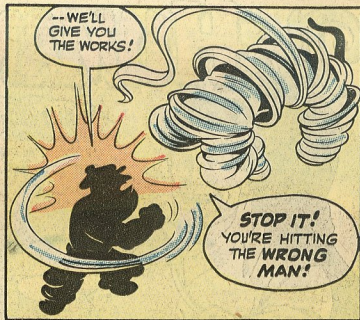
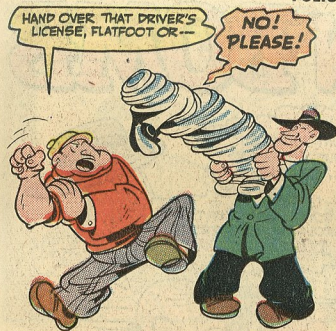


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The HUMAN BOMB

BAH! WHAT WOULD THE BOMB AMOUNT TO WITHOUT MY BRAIN AND BURLY BRAWN TO PROTECT HIM? ... **GWARK!**

DON'T TOSS THAT THING AROUND IN MY DIRECTION! I MIGHT EXPLODE!

To the World, he's *The Human Bomb*...

But actually he's ROY LINCOLN, noted chemist, whose science has made the touch of his bare hand a super-atomic **BLAST!** And Throckmorton — well, he's just Throckmorton ... who got a blood transfusion from Roy once and ended up with the same power ... in his **FEET!**

Another day at the Lincoln and Throckmorton Laboratories...

FINISHED YOUR TELEVISION ROY?

THE PRINCIPLE'S OKAY, HUSTACE, BUT SOMETHING INTERFERES WITH THE ACCURACY! HERE, I'LL DIAL THE DRUG STORE!

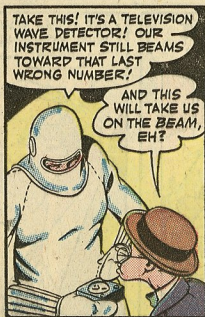
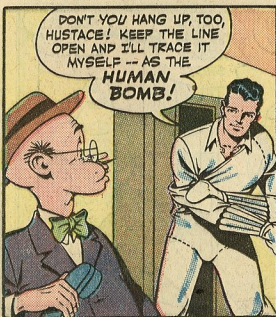


YOU SEE, WRONG NUMBER!

BUT WHAT A NUMBER! LETME TALK TO HER!



LOOK, CHUM -- WE'RE SCIENTISTS, NOT PLAYBOYS! I'LL TRY THE DRUG STORE AGAIN!





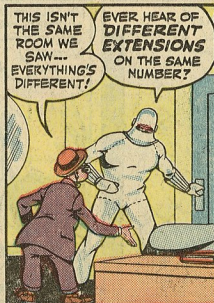
BUT IT GUIDES US TO THAT WINDOW!



WHAT TH...?? WHAT'S TH' IDEA, BUSTIN' MY WINDOW? I'LL GET TH' COPS ON YOU!



NO KIDDIN'? WELL, SO'S BUSTIN' IN HERE--AN' MAKIN' A WRECK OUTA TH' JOINT!



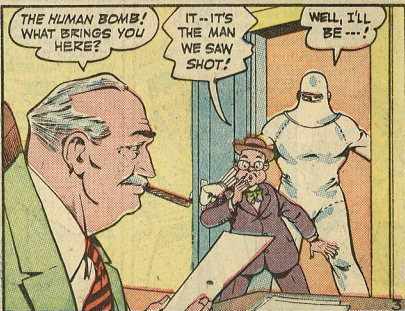
EVER HEAR OF **DIFFERENT EXTENSIONS** ON THE SAME NUMBER?



I'LL GIVE YOU ODDS THAT IT WILL!



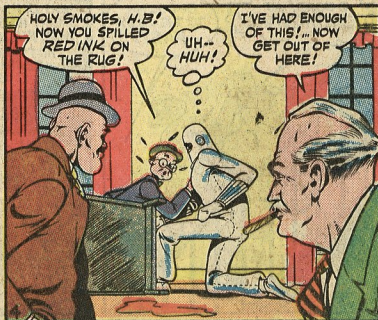
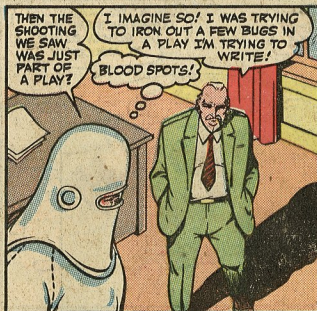
IT--IT CAN'T BE!

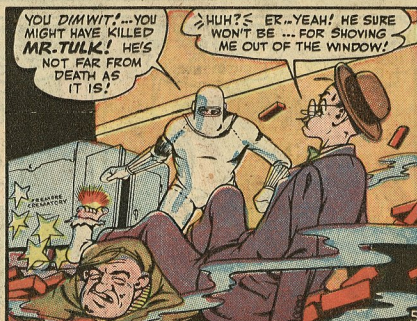
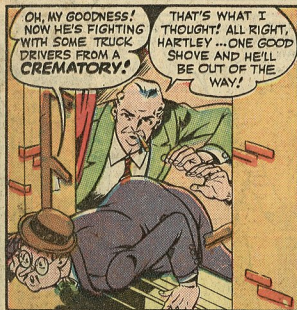
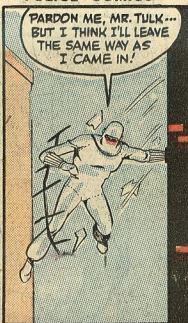
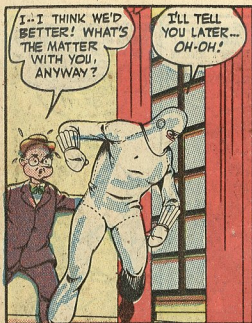


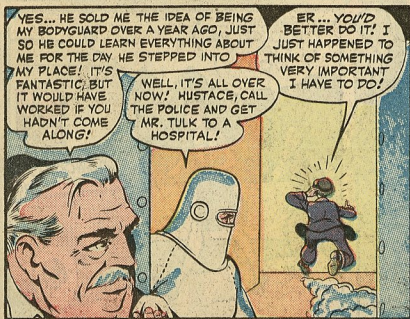
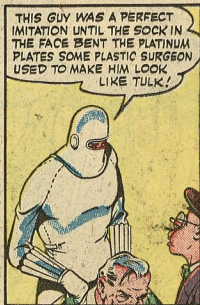
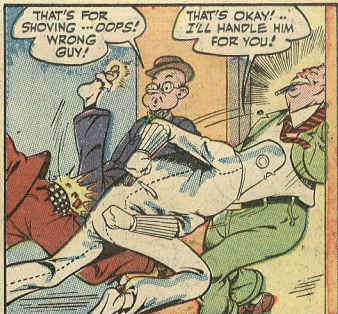
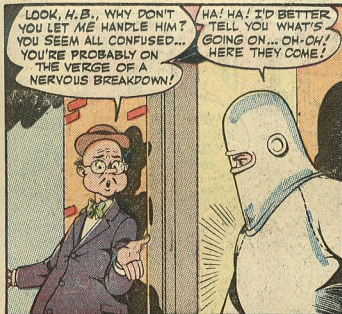
IT--IT'S THE MAN WE SAW SHOT!

WELL, I'LL BE ---!

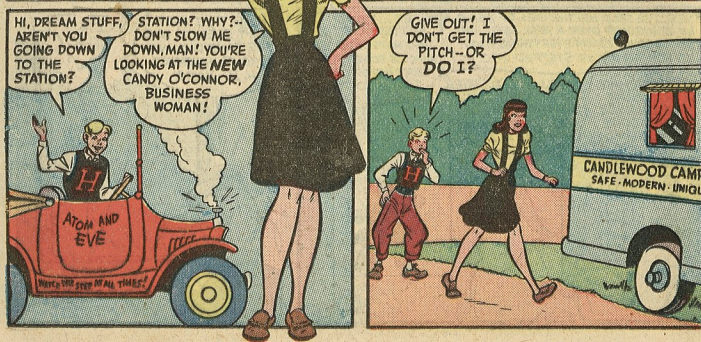
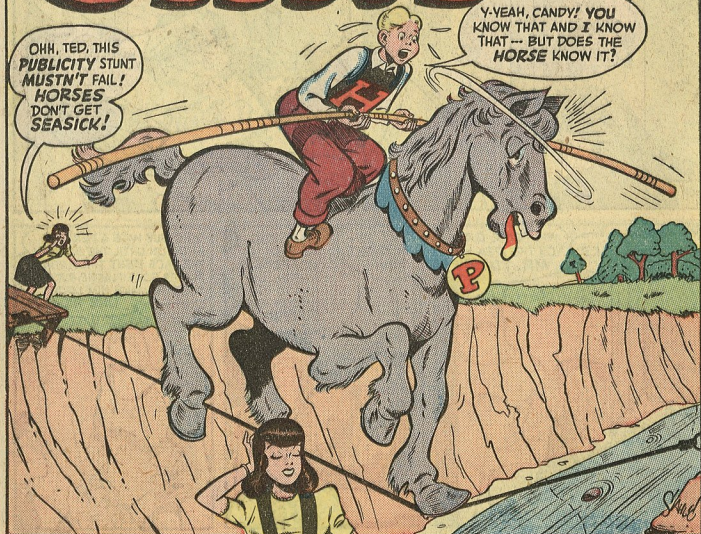
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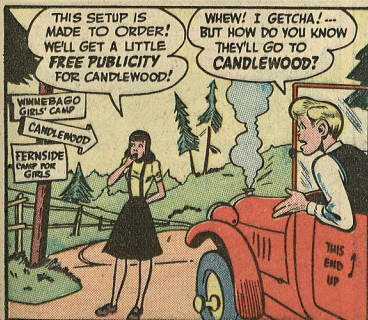
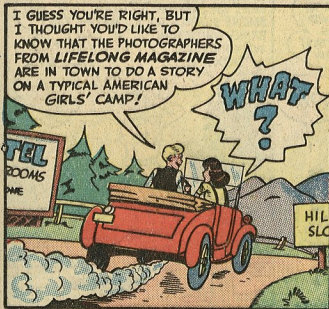


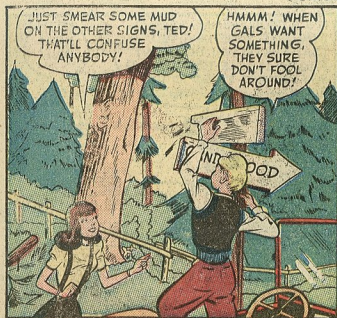


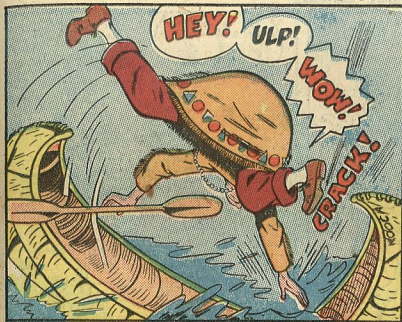


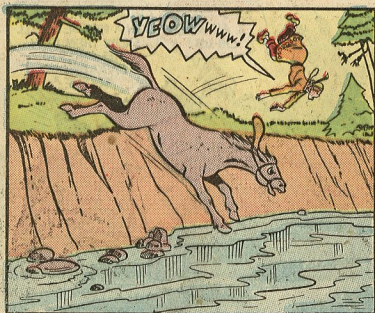
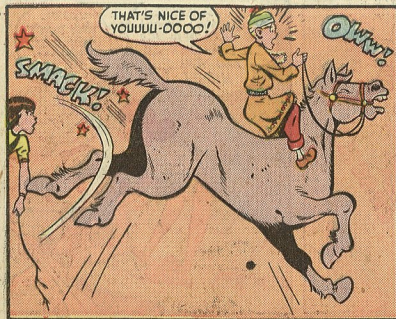
CANDY

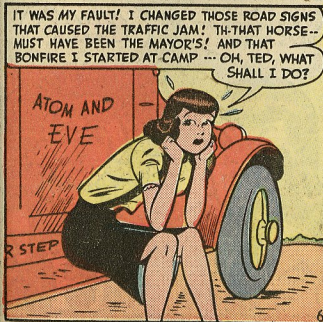


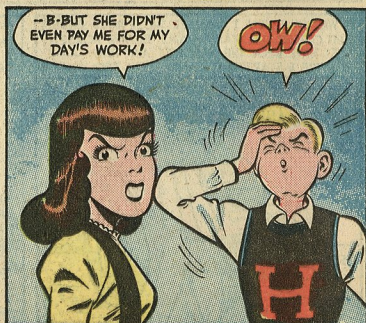
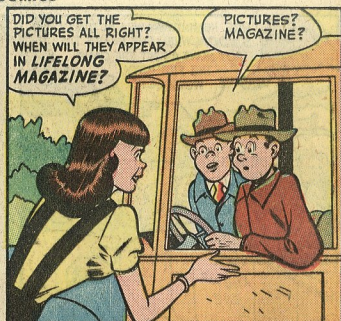
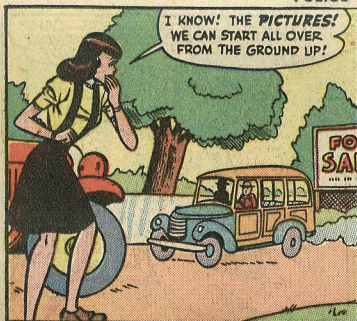


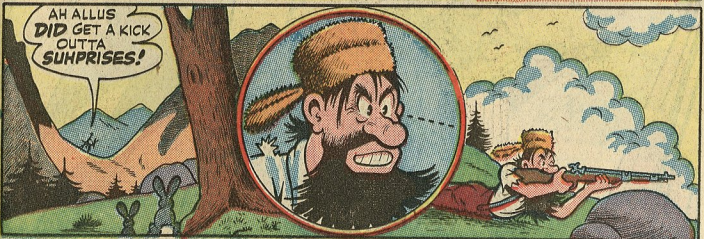










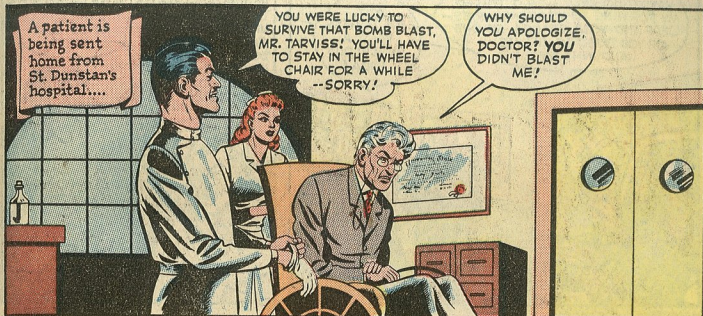


Manhunter

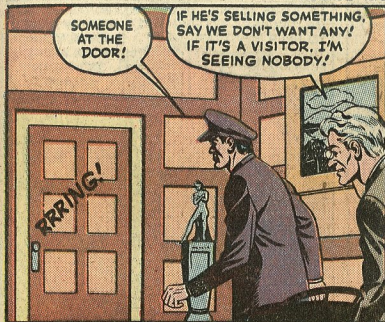
MANHUNTER ... He won that name by running down **MURDERERS!**
.... But a murder **PREVENTED** is worth a hundred **AVENGED!**
As in the case of Mr. Tarviss, whom death missed **ONCE**—
Will death miss **TWICE???**



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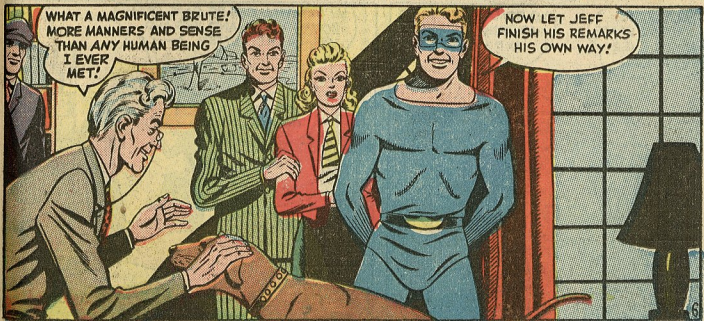
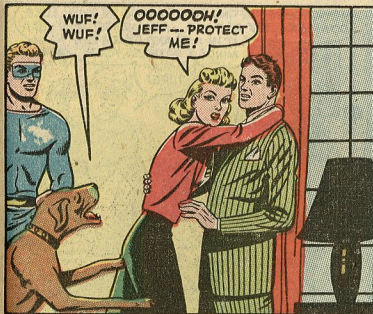




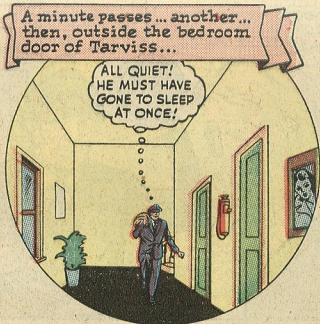
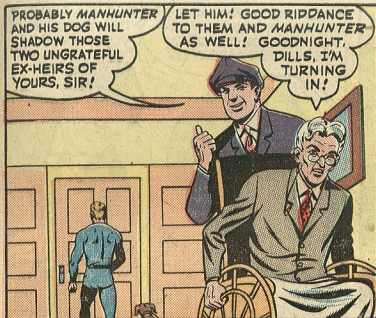


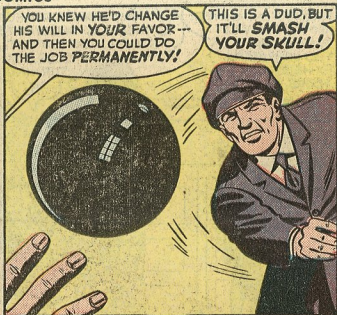


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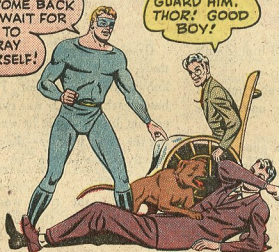






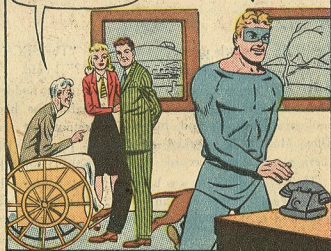
I **PRETENDED** TO WRITE A WILL! BUT IT WAS ACTUALLY A SET OF INSTRUCTIONS! WHEN GRACE AND JEFF SIGNED IT, THEY READ MY DIRECTIONS--- TO COME BACK AND WAIT FOR YOU TO BETRAY YOURSELF!

GUARD HIM, THOR! GOOD BOY!



I HAD THE SAME HUNCH AS MANHUNTER! WHEN I SAW WHAT HE WROTE, I HELPED HIM TRAP DILLS.

I'LL PHONE POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



HELLO, STATION? MANHUNTER AT THE TARVISS HOME! WE'VE GOT THAT BOMBER AND HE WISHES YOU'D LOCK HIM UP... HE DOESN'T ENJOY HAVING THOR GUARD HIM!

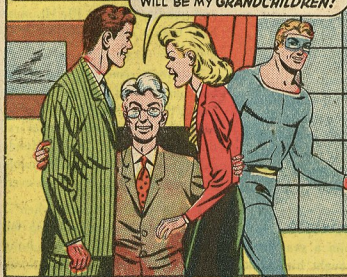


TOUGH ON YOU TWO, THINKING I SUSPECTED YOU! BUT I HAD TO THROW DILLS OFF GUARD!

THEN WE CAN HAVE OUR JOBS BACK?

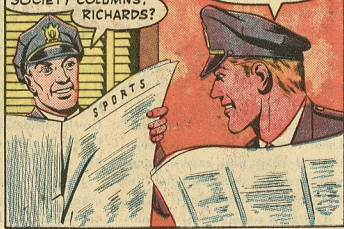


JOBS NOTHING! I'M ADOPTING YOU! YOU CAN GET MARRIED AS YOU PLANNED---AND YOUR KIDS WILL BE MY **GRANDCHILDREN!**



INTERESTING NEWS--- DILLS BEING SENTENCED, AND TARVISS COMPLETELY RECOVERING! WHAT... ARE YOU GOING IN FOR THE SOCIETY COLUMNS, RICHARDS?

NOT EXACTLY! I WAS READING ABOUT A WEDDING YESTERDAY-- ER---A COUPLE OF FRIENDS OF MINE!



IS THIS MURDER?

THERE was little publicity attendant upon the execution of one Steve Judd some years ago. It was one of the strangest cases in criminological history, and but for Dick Mace, who worked on it, there would be no record.

The reason the case was hushed up is readily apparent. Judd was sentenced to the electric chair for the murder of a filling station attendant. This was stated in the newspapers at the time. It was the ghoulish thing that happened later which no paper published. It was because no paper got wind of it, of course.

It was a case of resurrection of the dead. Just that. Added to that, murder. Or can a dead man be murdered? I don't know what legal status there is to this day. But I give you the story as Dick Mace, young and brilliant detective on the weird case, gave it to me.

I had gone to see Dick one evening after a hard day at police headquarters, and we were sitting about after a good dinner, when the subject of strange cases came up.

"I think the one that takes the prize," said Dick, "was the Judd case. Remember it?"

I did. I mean by that, I remembered that Judd had gone to the chair. "What was so strange about that, Dick?" I asked.

Dick smiled. "I forgot that you didn't know the details. You never knew Professor Hynds, did you, the old chap who experimented with bringing dogs back to life after they had been killed?"

I recalled something of the old man's activities.

"The SPCA stopped him, didn't it?" I said.

Dick nodded. "Yeah, but not before he had come upon some astounding secret."

I waited. Dick is a good storyteller, and I had no intention of side-tracking him on what promised to be a good tale.

"Professor Hynds was a character," Dick went on. "One of the weirdest men I've ever met. He even looked weird. And he certainly dabbled in outlandish things."

"What's so outlandish in resurrecting a dead dog?" I demanded. "The Russians have been doing things like that for a long time. Remember that dog's head they kept alive for several weeks?"

Dick nodded. "But Hynds passed that stage. Bently," he told me. "Away and beyond it. He brought dead men back to life! At least one."

I looked at the lad. He had a faraway look on his lean, brown face. "Boy, if the papers had ever got hold of that story, it would have rocked the world!"

"How come they didn't?" I flung at him. "And what is all the mystery? On with the tale, man!"

This is the story:

Back in 1939, a young filling station operator by name of Mose Greeley was held up and robbed by Steve Judd. It seems that Greeley made a dive for a gun he kept in a desk drawer. Judd shot him dead.

Judd got away, but the law caught up with him a year later out West, and brought him back to stand trial.

Greeley's family was large, and there was a brother who had known Judd in school. The two hated each other. It was even hinted that Judd thought he was shooting the other brother—they looked exactly alike—when he mowed down Mose.

Anyway, the trial was brief, and Judd drew the death penalty.

Now here is where the weird part enters. Prof. Hynds somehow got possession of Judd's dead body and hurried it to his laboratory, on the outskirts of town. In the stillness of night, he performed an amazing operation on the corpse.

"What was the operation?" I cut in.

"That I don't know," Dick replied. "Other than it included such things as adrenalin injections into the heart and various reviving measures. Don't know what."

He went on.

Prof. Hynds at length got Judd's heart pumping, and pretty soon the dead criminal was breathing and coming back to life. It must have been a startling discovery to make!

You must remember that I had been on the case, and had actually found the clue that led to Judd's capture in Oregon. So it was rather natural that Prof. Hynds called me up the night he made his great find and invited me over.

I was plenty excited when I stepped into that odd-looking lab and saw the ghastly figure lying on a table. Judd was breathing, but not awake. In a sort of coma.

POLICE COMICS

The prof told me that he was not going to wake Judd up until several scientific friends of his had arrived. He had invited three big-name men to witness the startling resurrection.

When they came, they were knocked for a loop. All of them just stood there looking at the thing which was Judd's body. They all knew him because of the numerous newspaper photos. They also knew that several hours before, he had paid the supreme penalty in the chair.

Well, Prof. Hynds jabbed a few needles into Judd and told us to watch.

We watched. Judd's breathing was heavy and harsh. But pretty soon it quieted, and his eyelids fluttered. Hynds slapped his face and chafed his wrists. And then slowly one of Judd's eyes opened. He coughed. Then very suddenly sat up. He rubbed his eyes and peered around at the audience.

"What th' heck," he said. Those were his first words. "Where am I?"

The prof told him. He told him exactly what had happened; that he had been electrocuted, died, and was now brought back to life.

Judd said some cuss word. "What the heck you guys tryin' to tell me?" he blurted. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Me in the chair? Wot for?"

It was apparent then that he had no memory of what had happened. Prof. Hynds quickly motioned for the men to leave the lab. Judd's hands were handcuffed to a short chain attached to the steel operating table; he couldn't get away.

Out in the hall Hynds turned to us, looking puzzled.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have

done the impossible But I didn't foresee this. The man doesn't remember anything that's gone in the past. Shall we try to convince him that he is a murderer? Shall we call the police?"

It was a pretty dilemma. I for one didn't know what to do, or advise. One of the scientists asked if a man could be made to pay with his life twice over.

Another said no; that once the state had taken a man's life, it was his—if he returned to life.

There we were, on the fence. Was it possible that we had a man with us who had died in the chair in expiation of a capital crime, and was now eligible to go free?

I suggested that Prof. Hynds keep Judd trussed up until I made some discreet enquiries.

That next morning I called a judge who was very capable in points and gave him the case—only I told him I wanted the information for a fiction story I planned to write. The judge said that if a man died once for a crime, he couldn't be made to die again for the same crime. That was that.

I called the professor up and gave him my findings. He heard me out and then he told me something that made the chills go up my spine

"Listen, Bently," he said. "Sometime last night Greeley's brother got into my laboratory and killed Judd. Yes, killed him all over again. I caught the young scamp. Not that I can blame him so much. But what I want to know is, how did he find out that I had Judd? It doesn't make sense."

That's why we had to call in the police. Hynds had Greeley locked in a closet. Judd was dead once

again. We explained the thing to the police, who were dumb-founded.

I'll never forget what Captain Mason of Homicide said, as he reviewed the case there in Hynd's lab:

"Gentlemen, this is beyond me. Is Greeley a murderer or is he? As a matter of fact I have only you fellows' word that Judd actually came back to life. I know science sticks together and——"

"I'm not exactly such a scientist as these men," I butted in. "Look, Captain, this thing happened just as Prof. Hynds has told you. Only I can see your position. The newspapers never will believe such a wild yarn."

"You're right, they won't!" the captain snorted. "Dead and then alive! Good gravy, this is a mess. Now what am I to do with this Greeley youngster? Is he guilty of murder—guilty of murdering a dead man?"

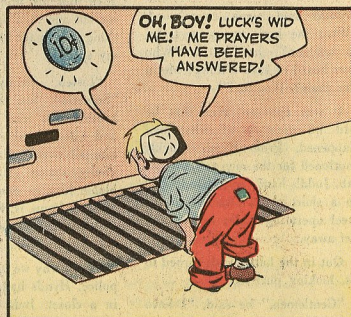
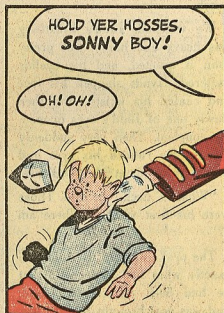
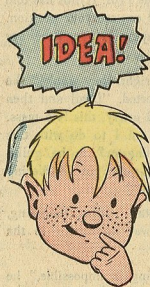
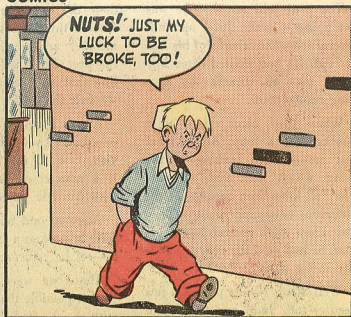
The captain began laughing, but there was no humor in the laugh.

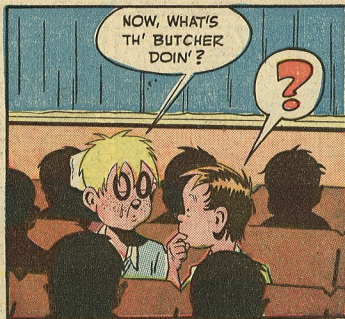
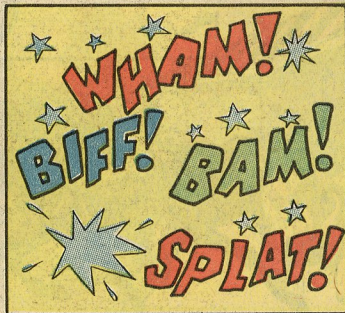
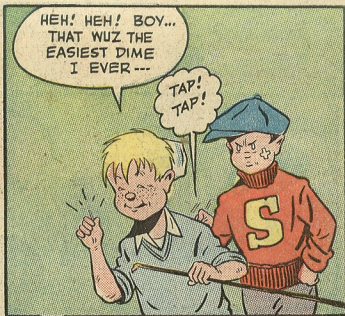
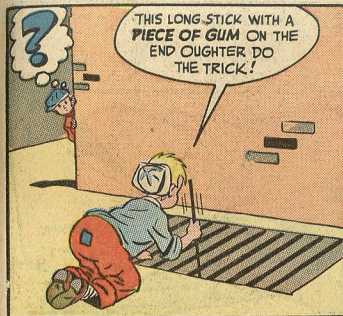
"This thing is impossible," he blasted then. "We can't tell anybody about it. The only thing I know to do is let Greeley go. And we must all keep mum about the whole grisly business. Call Greeley."

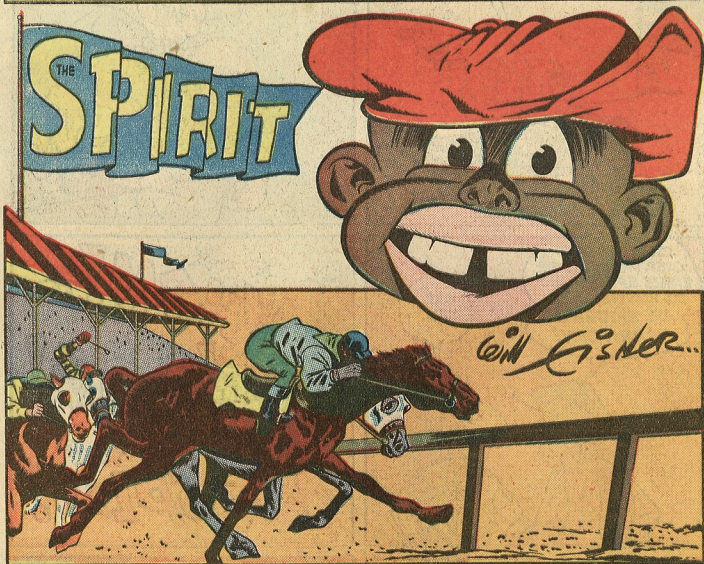
Greeley was brought in and the captain said to him, "Listen, there is only one way out of this for you, kid. When you leave here, you keep your mouth shut about everything. The first peep and you'll be in the clink with an ugly rap over you. Is that understood?"

Greeley said it was. And that, Bently, is the case of the murderer going free because there was no case against him.

SPECKS







WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING?

AH'S GOT ME A JOB, MIST' SPIRIT! BOSS, AND AH HAS TO BE THERE EARLY!

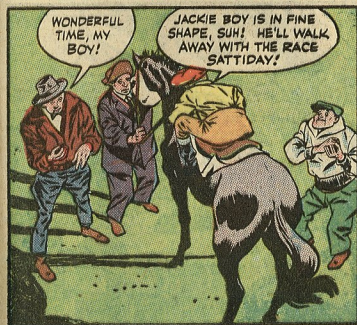
WHAT KIND OF A JOB?

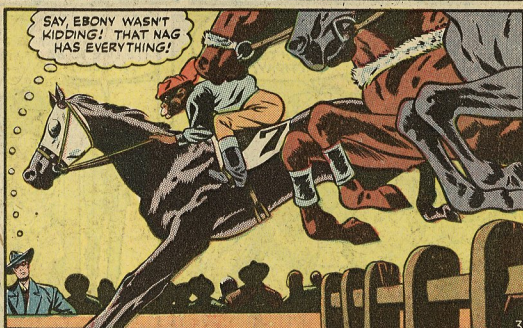
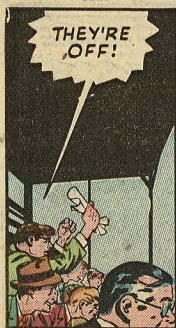
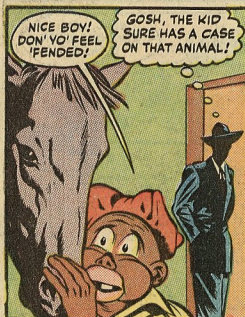
ER-- GUESS YOU MIGHT CALL IT A VALET'S JOB!

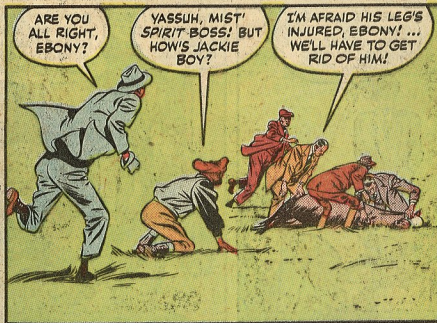
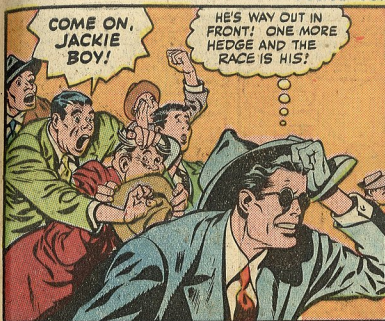
A VALET'S JOB? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BEING A VALET?

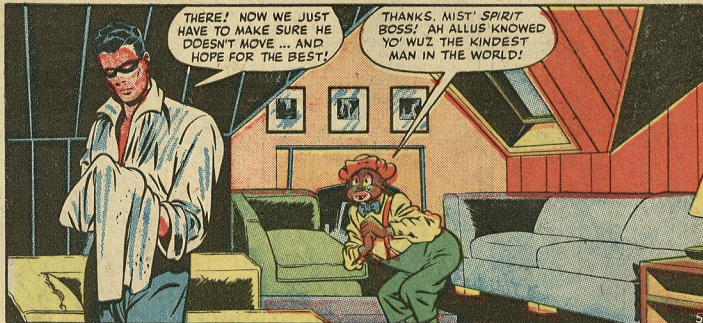
PARTY AH WORKS FO' THINKS AH'S PRETTY GOOD!

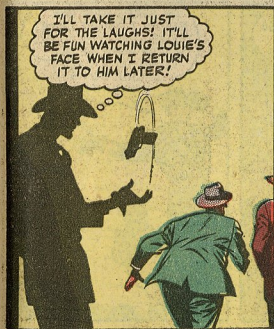
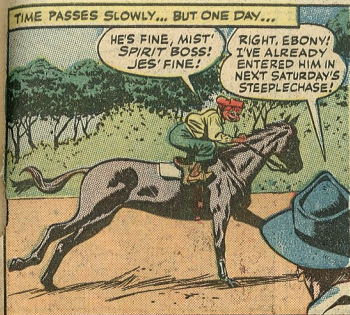






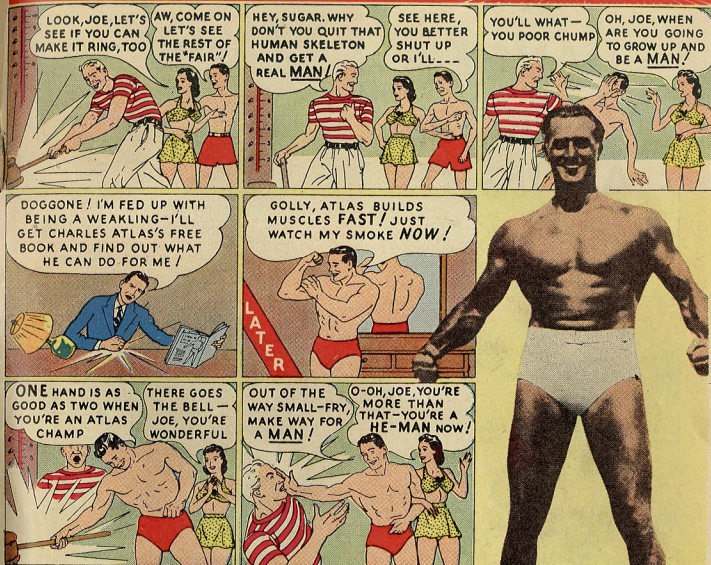








The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bligger huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

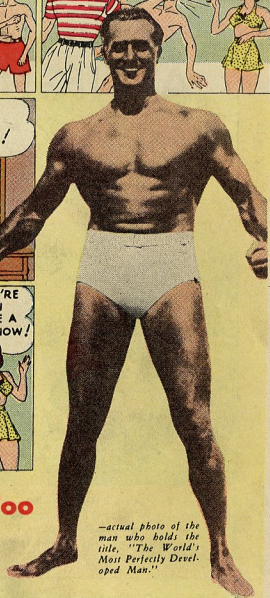
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

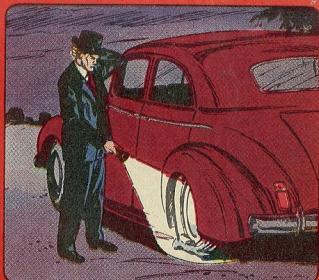
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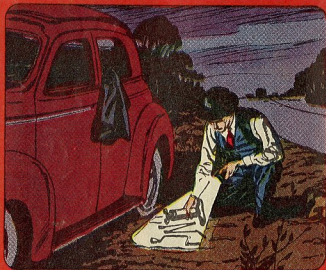
☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT—

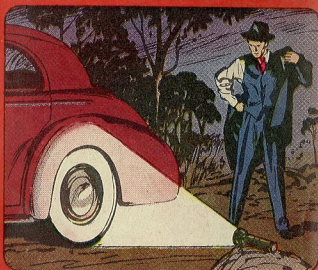
More Quickly—More Safely!



1 Most any motorist can change a tire. But few can change it at night with top speed, efficiency—and *safety*! Night-time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, says the American Automobile Association, is . . .



2 Park off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a *straight* stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 500 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail-light!



3 Keep all your tire-changing tools tied or boxed *together*, where you can pick them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare *before* jacking up the car; removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a stone in convenient position.

4 In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals . . . that's why you'll find them in *more* flashlights than any other battery in the world!

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EXTRA LIGHT
—AT NO
EXTRA COST**